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HAIL TO THE DEAN!

Today let us examine that much maligned, widely misunderstood, grossly overworked, wholly dedicated campus figure—the dean.

The dean (from the Latin *deanere*—to expel) is not, as many think, primarily a disciplinary officer. He is a *counselor* and guide, a haven and refuge for the troubled student. The dean (from the Greek *deanos*—to skewer) is characterized chiefly by sympathy, wisdom, patience, forbearance, and a fondness for homely pleasures like barn-raisings, gruel, spellbowns, and Marlboro Cigarettes. The dean (from the German *deangemacht* —to peep a party) is fond of Marlboros for the same reason that all men of good will are fond of Marlboros—because Marlboro is an *honest* cigarette. Those better makin's are honestly better, honestly aged to the peak of perfection, honestly blended for the best of all possible flavors. The filter honestly filters. Marlboro honestly comes in two different containers—a soft pack which is honestly soft, and a flip-top box which honestly flips. You too will flip when next you try an honest Marlboro, which, one honestly hopes, will be soon.

But I digress. We were learning how a dean helps undergraduates. To illustrate, let us take a typical case from the files of Dean S_____ of the University of Y_____. (Oh, why be so mysterious? The dean's name is Sigafoos and the University is Yutah.)

Wise, kindly Dean Sigafoos was visited one day by a freshman named Walter Aguincourt who came to ask permission to marry one Emma Bleahein, his dormitory housemother. To the dean the marriage seemed ill-advised, for Walter was only 18 and Emma was 91. Walter agreed, but said he felt obligated to go through with it because Emma had invested her life savings in a transparent rain hood to protect her from the mist at Niagara Falls where they planned to spend their honeymoon. What use, asked Walter, would the poor woman have for a rain hood in Yutah? The wise, kindly dean pondered briefly and came up with an answer: let Walter punch holes in the back of Emma's steam iron; with steam billowing back at the old lady, she would find a rain hood very useful—possibly even essential.

Whimpering with gratitude, Walter kissed the dean's Phi Beta Kappa key and hastened away to follow his advice which, it pleasures me to report, solved matters brilliantly.

Today Emma is a happy woman—singing hotily, wearing her rain hood, eating soft-center chocolates, and ironing clothes—twice as happy, to be candid, than if she had married Walter. . . . And Walter? He is happy too. Freed from his liaison with Emma, he married a girl much nearer his own age—Agnes Yucen, 72. Walter is now the proud father—*step*father, to be perfectly accurate—of three fine healthy boys from Agnes's first marriage—Everett, 38; Willem, 43; and Irving, 55—and when Walter puts the boys in Eton collars and takes them for a stroll in the park on Sunday afternoons, you may be sure there is not a dry eye in Yutah. . . . And Dean Sigafoos? He too is happy—happy to spend long, tiring days in his little office, giving counsel without stint and without complaint, doing his bit to set the young, uncertain feet of his charges on the path to a brighter tomorrow.

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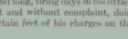
We don't say that Marlboro is the dean of filter cigarettes, but if's sure at the head of the class. Try some—or if you prefer mildness without filters, try popular Philip Morris, from the same makers.



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